

The Little Girl Lost

In futurity
I prophetic see.
That the earth from sleep
(Gave the sentence deep)
Shall arise and seek
For her mother's weep;
And the desert wild
Become a garden mild.

In the southern clime,
Where the summer's prize
Never fades away;
Lovely Lyca lay.
Seven summers old
Lovely Lyca told,
She had wandered long,
Hearing wild birds' song.
Sweet sleep came to me
Underneath this tree;
Do father, mother weep—
Where can Lyca sleep?

Lost in desert wild
Is your little child,
How can Lyca sleep,
If her mother weep.
If her heart does ache,
Then let Lyca wake;
If my mother sleep,
Lyca shall not weep.
Frowning frowning night,
O'er this desert bright,
Let thy moon arise,
While I close my eyes.

Sleeping Lyca lay;
While the beasts of prey
Come from caverns deep
Viewed the maid asleep.

The lion's den
And the virgin's ween,
Then he gazed round
O'er the hallowed ground.



Leopards, tigers play,
Found her as she lay;
While the lion old,
Bowed his mane of gold,
And her bosom lick,
And upon her neck,
From his eyes of flame,
Ruby tears there came;
While the lioness
Looed her slender drest,
And naked they conveyed
To caves the sleeping maid.

The Little Girl Found

All the night in weep,
Lyca's parents go;
Over valleys deep,
While the desert weep.

Tired and weep begone,
Hoarse with making moan;
Aunt in arm seven days,
They tread the desert ways.

Seven nights they sleep,
Among elms and oaks deep;
And dream they see their child
Starved in desert wild.

Pale thro' pathless ways
The fancied image strays.



For a child